

Children's Sermon

Contentment.

By Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison.

I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. Phil. 4:11.

We go to school to learn and we are learning lessons all through our childhood. But we do not stop learning when we grow up. If we are wise and sensible we will be learning all our lives. One of the greatest teachers is experience and experience keeps giving us new lessons to learn as long as we live.

In this text Paul tells us one of the lessons that he had learned after he grew up. "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

There are some people who are never contented and never happy. It is always too cold or too hot, or they do not feel just right, or breakfast is not very good, or their friends haven't been kind to them. Did you ever know people like that who are never contented with anything? Someone said of one of his friends, "He is such a fine man, but no one likes to have him around. He is so discontented." If we are to be happy we must be contented. So one of the lessons that we ought to try hardest to learn is the lesson of contentment.

There are two things that we can all do that will help us to learn the lesson of contentment. One is to always think of the things that we have and not about what we have not. Long ago there was a king named Ahab. He had several fine palaces, and estates, and hosts of servants, and everything that could possibly make a king happy. Not very far from one of his palaces there was a poor man named Naboth. Naboth had a little garden with some fine grape vines growing in it. One day king Ahab looked out the window and saw that garden, with the nice ripe grapes hanging from the vines. He said to himself, "I wish that I had that garden. At the supper table that night Ahab didn't eat anything. His wife asked him what the matter was. She thought he must be sick. She was about to go and get him some medicine, when he told her what the matter was. He had forgotten all about the many fine things that he had and thought of nothing else but that vineyard that belonged to someone else.

Did you ever know people like that. There

over at her house playing, when it stormed her mother made us all climb up on a feather-bed and stay there until the storm was over."

"Such sillies!" said John scornfully. "Mother would call that foolish."

"What is foolish, John?" asked Mrs. Martin, as she entered the room; and, when the children told her, she drew the frightened little Jane into her lap, saying: "Now we will all watch this wonderful storm together."

"But I'm afraid of that terrible thunder, mother; and what if the lightning should strike? It would kill us all and the house might catch on fire!"

"Yes, dear, sometimes there are accidents, but we should not borrow trouble and be frightened and worried when we have no cause."

"Mother, what makes it thunder?"

"The thunder comes from the air waves," said Mrs. Martin. "When the electricity passes from one cloud to another, or from the clouds down to the earth, it makes the air very hot and these heat waves start sound waves which we hear rumbling through the clouds, and we call this sound 'thunder'. Sometimes we hear one sharp clap of thunder, and then again we hear

was a little girl who had the greatest number of toys and good things. She ought to have been the happiest child in the world, but she wasn't. She had looked out of the window and had seen a little girl go by with a bigger baby coach than hers. She had forgotten about all the fine things that she had, and the pretty home, and the good father and mother, and everything, and was discontented and cross and unhappy because she didn't have a baby coach like that one.

Once I went to see a poor old woman who lived in one old bare room. She had nothing to eat but some dry bread and tea. How would you like to have nothing to eat but dry bread and tea? It wouldn't be much fun would it. The first thing that old woman did was to tell me how good God was to her. She was not thinking of what she didn't have. She only thought of what she had, and was happy and contented. That is a fine lesson for us all to learn.

Another thing that we can all do that will help us learn the lesson of contentment is to think about other peoples troubles instead of our own.

There was a woman once who had growing in her garden a lovely joy flower. The frost came one night and when she went out there it was withered and black and dead. She began to cry, for she loved the joy-flower. Just then she heard someone else crying over in the next yard. She went over there and found that all of her neighbors flowers had been injured or killed by the frost. So she said, "Never mind, I will help you save them. Maybe they are not all dead yet." So they went to work and day after day they toiled till the plants were growing beautiful again.

Then the woman said, "I will go home now." She went back and the first thing that she saw when she entered her own yard was her joy-plant. It had come to life and was more lovely than ever.

This little story teaches that if you try to give joy to others who are in trouble, that joy and contentment will come to you. Let us all try and learn Paul's lesson of contentment.

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roar after roar as the sound waves echo and re-echo from cloud to cloud, and then this sound comes rolling down to us, and it terrifies some people.

"Now you know that sound takes much longer to travel to us than light does, and so we see the lightning flashing its zigzag course through the sky before we hear it echoed to us in the sound wave, or thunder. When there is a long time between the flash of the lightning and the roar of the thunder we know that the storm is really far away from us, and the farther the storm the longer it is between the flashes of lightning and the noise of the thunder."

"Oh, just see that lightning, Jane!" said John. "Wasn't that glorious? It is like our fireworks on the fourth of July."

"Yes; and now hear the thunder roll," said Jane. "Why, it took a long time then, mother, so the storm must be far away."

"Yes, the storm is passing, and the clouds are breaking and soon the storm will be over."

"And look! The sun is shining right through the raindrops, and that means we shall have a rainbow," shouted John.

The children and their mother went out on the porch and watched the sky and there they saw, very faintly at first a bow of light forming in the east. As they gazed the colors came out, and red and orange and yellow and green and blue and violet all blended one with another.

"Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful!" cried little Jane, clapping her hands. "Is there a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow?"

"Not real gold, for the gold of the rainbow means hope and happiness. No one can ever reach the end of a rainbow, dear; so, sometimes, when people desire that which is impossible they speak of the 'gold at the end of the rainbow.' While we watch this bow of light, I will tell you a story about it.

"Long, long ago there were many wicked people living upon the earth, who would not obey God. Now there was one very good man, named Noah, and God told Noah to build an ark and take his family and two of every kind of creature that dwelt upon the earth and go into this ark and live, while He sent a flood over all the land to punish these wicked people.

"So Noah and his family and all the beasts and the birds lived in the ark while the rain fell until the waters covered the earth and all the wicked people were drowned. After a long, long time the water went down again and Noah and his family and all the animals in the ark came out in safety to dwell upon the earth again.

"Then Noah built an altar to God and prayed thanking Him for saving them from the flood. And God spoke kindly to Noah and promised him that He would never again send such a flood. He gave Noah a token and put it up in the sky where Noah and all his family could see it, and this token, or promise, that God gave Noah was the rainbow.

"And the promise has held good; for, although there may be severe storms, which cause floods in some places, still there has never again been such a terrible flood covering all the earth.

"Now when we see the rainbow in the sky we know that it is God's promise to us that the storm has passed. So, Jane, we will not fear the storm clouds nor the lightning, for we know that God will protect us from all danger and harm; and we must trust in Him and never doubt His loving care for us.

"We know that soon the storm clouds will pass away and God will cause the sun to shine down upon us; and when the sunbeams smile through the raindrops, then we shall see this bright bow of many colors as a message of hope and a token of love from our Heavenly Father, placed by Him in the sky to draw the thoughts of all His children from earth to heaven." Ladies Home Journal.

THE WAY TO FAIRY LAND.

I think the way to fairy land
Is down a cool green glade,
And many a lovely flower blooms
Within the trees' soft shade.

A gurgling brook runs through this glade,
With water crystal clear,
And over it a willow bends
Where birds sing all the year.

But you must have the utmost faith,
To get to fairy land,
And must believe sincerely in
Titania and her band.

And when you reach the rosy gates
Of radiant fairy land,
On rainbow bubbles floating, come
The shining fairy band.

With star tipped wand and glittering crown
And golden wings so bright,
Titania bids you welcome to
Her lovely land of light.